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Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 12.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A., OCTOBER 14, 1886.

WHOLE NUMBER, 591

Department of Science.

EDITED BY DR. J. HAMER, SR.

Matter, Force and Consequent Motion.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

When matter is in a *solid state* there are certain positions of equilibrium about which the molecules may be supposed to vibrate, which may, however, be of a very complicated character. But in the *liquid state* the molecules have no determinate positions of equilibrium, and in the *gaseous state* are removed quite beyond the sphere of their mutual attractions and travel on in straight lines. The ever acting force correlated to the varied forms of force and molecular motion in these different states of matter and organic matter in organism, exist in and comes from the rays of the sun. During our summer seasons this form of force is in the highest degree active, and the changes brought about in molecular motion are the most sudden. Acting as an extraneous force upon vegetable organisms, it brings about in their structure the phenomenon of chemical action and consequent dynamical electric force and motion. In the leaves (breathing organs) of plants when acted upon by the light from the sun oxygen is separated from carbonic acid gas in the air, and carbon is retained, unites with the sap, and is assimilated into the structure to build up the organism and sustain life. But this is not the only office this acting force or forces from the sun is performing. While light is effecting molecular motion within the organism, the heat is a force bringing about molecular changes in the matter without and in contact with vegetable organisms; and as a consequence, in the ever changing forms of molecular motion we witness, for the most part in the summer season, the phenomenon of lightning. The force in the sun's rays acting upon the water that gathers on the leaves of plants from rain or in dew drops is converted into an invisible vapor and carried through the air upward. But with it is borne from the plant the electric force. The acting force within the leaves give rise on the surface to electrical force in one state and the other parts within the body or stem even to the roots, to electrical force in a state the reverse of that from the leaves. In treating of these reversed conditions we employ the usual terms, *positive* and *negative*. That from the leaves being the positive and that within the organism the negative. When evaporation takes place from the moistened leaves, the invisible vapor carries with it from the surface of the leaves, the positive electric force (polarity) in its static form. As the vapor ascends into the higher regions of the atmosphere condensation takes place and it becomes a visible mist in the atmosphere. As aggregation takes place among the aqueous atoms groups of globules are formed which keep on increasing. Over the surface of these the electrical motion extends and increases. These globules are enveloped by a space of clear air which acts as an insulator, and prevents the phenomenon of an electric discharge. As these globules compose the clouds floating through the atmosphere, the molecular motion extends over the whole surface of each cloud, and when surrounded by dry air the whole of the cloud with the globules is insulated. When this action is occurring in the clouds as they approach other objects sufficiently near to exert an influence, as the earth for example, or another passing cloud, the object acted upon becomes by induction negatively electrified. It is when these opposite forms of force are brought within attractive distance and the force has to pass through dry air or some other non-conducting substance that we witness the phenomenon of lightning. This force and molecular motion is taking place at all times, but so quiet and gradual that we are not cognizant of it. But when the acting force is strong and acts suddenly, the force and molecular motion passes through or among the molecules of matter that at other times prevent any sudden or abrupt passage. The electric motion will pass in a direct line through a conductor. It is when it is passing through a non-conductor that force is expended in overcoming resistance. It is the motion that is arrested in passing in a straight line and becomes vibratory that gives rise to the phenomenon as any one can observe in a streak of lightning.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

When Benson Stevens went home from his father's office that afternoon—Steven & Gosse were well-known solicitors—he saw Carrie Kinsler sitting in the parlor window.

The window looked attractive from the outside, with its double curtains, its palm on a fancy stand and its glimpse of a blue plush chair-back, against which Carrie Kinsler's light hair, and gray-eyed and pink-checked face, looked especially well.

These might possibly have been some premeditation in Miss Kinsler's being in the window, in the most becoming chair, at precisely the hour at which Benson Stevens might be expected to pass, on his way home from the office.

But it was no more a suspicious circumstance than the fact of Benson Stevens passing that way at all, since his shortest route lay in quite another direction—a direction he was never known to take.

He returned her smiling nod with a good deal of effusion, hesitated a moment, and then turned in at the gate with an air of not having purposed it in the least and of intending only to stay a minute.

The young lady opened the hall-door before he could pull the bell.

"I didn't want you to ring," she explained, sweetly as he hung his overcoat on the rack, "because mamma is rocking Pet to sleep, up stairs, and I was afraid it might wake him up."

"Have you got Pet here?" said Benson, following her in the parlor.

"Yes. Aren't you awfully cold? Come up to the grate; and don't take that chair," as he sat down on a stiff little affair. "It's horribly uncomfortable. Take the big one—that's it."

"Yes, we've got Pet here for a week," she pursued, when they were settled down comfortably before the fender. "Howard and Lizzie went to see Lizzie's people, in Crafon, and they thought it was too cold for Pet to go, so they left him with us. You can't imagine how perfectly sweet he is!"

Benson was ready to admit that Pet's sweetness was infinitely beyond his comprehension; but it might have been because Pet—properly, little Charles Pet-ham Kinsler—was the nephew of his pretty hostess, and was not on account of any extraordinary merits in Pet himself.

"Oh, dear, yes," Carrie continued, softly, "he's too cunning for anything! Papa could hardly tear himself away from the house this morning, and mamma just devoted herself to him."

She started to replenish the fire from the little brass scuttle, and Benson sprang to aid. A small parcel fell from his pocket.

"Something that took my fancy in a window down town," he said, picking it up and untying it.

It was one of the modern designs in ink-stands—a small wheelbarrow with a barrel thereon, the two handles being for a pen rest and the barrel for ink, the whole neatly carved in white wood.

"Dear me, how perfectly cute!" Carrie cried, turning it about admiringly.

"Keep it," said the young man somewhat timidly.

Carrie raised her eyes to his in a pleased way, and they both flushed a little.

He had never made her a present before. He had sent her elaborate Christmas, New Year's, Easter and birthday cards, and this year he had ventured to send her a deeply sentimental valentine, bristling with affection; but this seemed different. It seemed to them both, now it was done, to have meant a great deal.

"Thank you so much!" she murmured.

Benson looked at her intently, and drew his chair a little closer, bending toward her. There is no knowing what might have happened if the door had not opened at that moment to admit Pet.

Pet wore an air of defiance. His head with its long, yellow curls, was well up, and his hand was thrust in a threatening way into the pocket of his short white flannel dress. He climbed into Carrie's lap without remark.

"Why I thought you were a sleep, dear!" she said holding his small hands to the blaze.

"I wouldn't go," said Pet calmly.

"Why, dovey! said his aunt, in faint remembrance. (Pet was never remonstrated with seriously.) "Do not you remember Mr. Stevens?" Carrie went on somewhat entreatingly.

Pet did not appear to be in a mood

favorable to showing off.

"Tell the gentleman how old you are, darling," she continued, Pet having refused to search his memory for recollections of Mr. Stevens.

Three weeks," was Pet's response. "He's nearly four years, but he never says so; he says something different every time," Carrie explained as though it were an additional proof of Pet's sagacity. "Oh must you go?" as Benson, feeling himself superseded, rose unwillingly. "You must come in again. And thank you so much for that lovely little ink-stand!"

The ink-stand, after being duly admired by the family, was carried up stairs into the fair recipient's room, and put in a place of honor on a dressing-table already gay with a cover of "damed net," over pink silk, a plush framed mirror, a variety of glove and handkerchief boxes, several cologne bottles, and a tiny, beribboned work-basket, which, it is needless to say, had never been put to any manner of use.

Carrie sat here the next day, deep in a book, by the window.

Pet sat on the floor. Scattered about him in a wide circle, were a set of blocks, a drum, a whistle, a woolen sheep, a flannel donkey, three picture books, a rubber doll and a tin engine.

But Pet, having sucked the doll and broken the leg off the sheep had no further use for them. He wanted something fresh—something novel—and his round, blue eyes, roving about the room in search of it, fixed upon the little wheelbarrow ink-stand as the most promising object. He had never seen anything like it, and it looked as though it might be a very good thing to play with.

He got up and went over to the dressing-table.

Carrie glanced up from her book, with her finger on the place at which she left off.

"Oh, Pet!" she said, gently, "you mustn't touch anything. You won't, will you?"

"I want dat?" Pet responded, pointing a small finger at the ink-stand.

"Oh, darling," said his aunt, appealingly, "not that! Won't something else do? Won't?"

But Pet was apparently convinced that nothing else would do. He resorted to a means which he had never known to fail in similar cases. He lay flat down on the floor with a little squeal of displeasure, and pounded his heels up and down with energy.

"Why, Pet!" Carrie murmured in tender reproof.

Then her eyes wandered back to her book, and she became gradually re-absorbed—it being the point at which the hero clasped the heroine passionately in his arms and covered her with fond caresses.

Carrie always read those passages—they seemed to occur in all the novels—with increased interest and a sympathetic thrill.

She was sometimes led to revise the scene, in a musing way, by substituting herself and somebody else in the place of the hero and heroine. Somebody else strangely enough, was always Benson Stevens.

She was aroused—just as the irate parent of the heroine burst into the room—by the snapping together of the front gate.

"There, Pet!" she said, looking out, "there's little Mabel Gosse and her mamma! She's come to play with you. How nice! Run down stairs, dear, and take your doll and your engine to show her."

Pet had been standing close to the dressing-table, and he started down stairs in unwontedly brisk obedience.

He did not stop for his doll and his engine; he was giving all his attention to a suspicious looking lump in the folds of his sash.

He went out of the room in a sideways manner, in order that this lump might not be observed.

Benson Stevens called at the Gosses' that evening with his father.

Mr. Stevens had called chiefly to talk over a matter of business with his partner; but Mrs. Gosse, a plump, pretty woman, playfully interfered when Benson showed a disposition to join in the discussion.

"Don't!" she pleaded. "What is going to become of me? Come to the other end of the room, this minute, and entertain me. What's the use of being a good looking young man if you are not to make yourself agreeable?" she added, with the familiar banter of a privileged matron.

Benson was not sorry to sit down on a sofa beside her and listen to her pleasant chatter; she was mistress of small talk.

"Where to you keep yourself?" she began. "Oh, you needn't trump up any excuses for your shocking neglect of me! I know—I've heard. I've been told all about your deep devotion to a certain young lady—I was there this afternoon, by-the-way."

"Where began Benson, with a flimsy affectation of innocence.

But Mrs. Gosse tapped him on the arm reprovingly.

"You bad boy!" she said; when the whole town knows it!—Why—"

She stopped in her turn.

"What's the matter?"

Benson was staring, open-mouthed, at a little article on the table. It was an ink-stand, carved in white wood, and representing a wheelbarrow containing a barrel.

"Where did you—I beg your pardon! but, really where did you get it, Mrs. Gosse?" he said indicating it.

He felt nothing as yet but an extreme surprise.

"That?" said Mrs. Gosse, musingly. "Oh, yes! I took Mabel with me this afternoon, and that is something the children were playing with. Mrs. Kinsler has her little grandson with her, you know. They were playing store. I suppose that was one of Mabel's purchases. I didn't notice she was bringing it home till we got here."

She went over to the table to look at it. "Why, it's quite a pretty piece of carving—an ink-stand, isn't it? I must send it back immediately. Why did you ask about it?" she added.

Benson turned red.

"Oh, I thought," he stammered—"I thought it rather pretty—rather unique."

His astonishment had given away to a sharp pang of wounded feeling and of indignation. If he had been a girl, or considerably younger, he would have cried from vexation and hurt pride.

As it was, he sat with a flushed face, staring at the carpet and biting his lips, and trying to listen to Mrs. Gosse as she talked on pleasantly.

He was thinking bitterly enough of Miss Kinsler—he called her Miss Kinsler in the strength of his indignation.

Of course, he understood perfectly that she was exceedingly fond of her little nephew; but certainly she might have given him something else to play with besides that ink-stand.

How much could she have cared for it. Not at all, plainly. It was a thing that could break. She could have expected nothing else when she gave it to Pet.

Pet—Benson suddenly decided that was the silliest nickname they could have possibly have invented. She could have expected nothing else than it would come back to her broken in pieces, if it ever came back at all. Probably she had not cared whether it did or not.

Of course, he reflected, while Mrs. Gosse chatted on complacently—of course, he hadn't expected her to value it for itself; it wasn't very valuable but he had hoped that she would care for it a little because—because he had given it to her.

He had fancied her carefully putting it away among her best treasures—and he had fondly imagined that the numerous bright-colored, silk-fringed cards he had sent her might be among those treasures—and only using it on great occasions, and grudgingly then. But, bah! she hadn't given it a second thought, evidently, and as for the cards, he had probably burned them up long ago.

Very well! Benson told him that he was glad he had found it out; it was a thousand time better than to have gone on idiotically believing that she had really cared for him a little. Now he would act accordingly; and act he would.

But he was not uproariously happy when he had come to that conclusion.

He went out of town, a day or two after on business for his father. He did not bid Carrie Kinsler good-by, and he did not call when he came back at the end of a week.

He stayed away for a month. Then he found a note on his desk, one morning, whose sender he knew by instinct.

His heart beat faster as he opened it. It was a very brief and non-committal note. It read:

"Dear Mr. STEVENS: Can you come up this evening for a few minutes?"

"Yours sincerely" had been written and crossed out; and "Carrie Kinsler"

was signed in rather a shaky hand.

Benson tried to go to work as usual, but he was quite unable to. He had slipped the note into an inner pocket, and it cracked whenever he moved and kept itself before him.

He found himself growing more averse to waiting till evening to solve its contents, and it was only half-past eleven when he went up the Kinsler's front walk and rang the bell.

He caught a glimpse of a blonde face in the parlor window, against a blue-plush back-ground, but it vanished.

When he was shown into the room, Miss Kinsler was standing to the extreme further end of it.

"I—didn't expect you so soon," she said.

But something in her manner—or perhaps it was her pretty morning dress and careful toilet—intimated that she had.

Then she went on, bravely.

"I shall be sorry I troubled you if I am mistaken, but I thought—that perhaps it was on account of that ink-stand that you have been staying away so?"

He did not laugh at her abruptness. "It was," he said, soberly.

"You saw it at the Gosses?" she said, eagerly.

Benson nodded. He began somehow to feel rather ashamed of himself.

"And you thought I had given it to Pet to play with?" she went on, looking at him with wide blue eyes. "Oh, no—oh, no!" She came a step nearer, in her earnestness. "He took it; I don't know how—I didn't see him. I never would have let him have it. And little Mabel Gosse took it home, and it was sent back the next day, and put away in the store-room by somebody without being undone. I found it there yesterday, with Mrs. Gosse's note tied up in it, and I thought that maybe you—that maybe it was that—"

Her voice had been getting more and more unmanageable. She broke down at that point, and sank down on a chair, in a storm of tears.

Benson stood staring at her helplessly for a moment; then he crossed the room, and Carrie found herself suddenly transposed from an ordinary existence into the heart of a novel, and with the proper person for the hero. Only, in this case, there was no irate parent to burst into the room, running over with vengeance. Their course of true love promised to run on thereafter with the utmost smoothness. — Emma A. Oppen.

An Unfortunate Family.

THEY LIVE IN BALTIMORE, AND THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE SEEMS TO BE A CRANK.

There are a good many queer people in this world. Just at present Baltimore contains as odd a personage as Charles Dickens's Mr. Dick. He is a bookkeeper who runs his house by rules. A reporter of the *News* recently visited his residence. Placards of rules were placed in every room for the guidance of its occupants, and for their violation sundry penalties are provided. In the hall the following rules were posted, the placard being wedged in the crevices of the mirror in the hat rack:

Please hang your hat up.
Please wipe your feet.
Please do not take away our umbrellas.

Please put your umbrella in the rack.
Enter the parlor by the first door to the left.

In the parlor he found a similar poster. It was fastened to the shade of a drop-light, and at night its lettering was brought into a conspicuous prominence by the light under it. The placard reads thus:

Please do not soil the photograph album.

Please do not finger the oil paintings to see if they are genuine, for they are.

Please do not touch the mineral specimens on the side table.

Please do not move your chair from the position it occupies.

Please close the piano after using it and put the music where you found it. If you found it out of its place, put it where it belongs.

No visitors entertained in this parlor before 2 P. M. and between the hours of 6 and 8 P. M. and after 10½ P. M.

Any visitor calling at any hour when no entertainment is allowed will be compelled to await the arrival of the hour when some member of the family is permitted to enter.

Young men will please observe the rule that no visitors are entertained after 10½ P. M.

Members of this family are prohibited from occupying this parlor except to entertain callers.

The rules are rough on visitors, but the reporter learned from a regular visitor to one of the young ladies of the

house that they are rigidly enforced. Suspended from a chandelier which overhangs the dining table in the dining room was a placard which read thus:

Please take your time in eating.
Please replace the different articles in the castors.

Please do not place your elbows on the table.

Please sit upright in your chair.

Please eat with your fork.

In the kitchen the servant girl kept such a close watch upon the reporter that he could not copy the rules he saw over the dresser. He got a few furtive glances at them. They were very long, and outlined in detail the cook's duties, such as the amount of salt, pepper, and other condiments to be placed in certain articles of food; the amount of flour required for biscuits and rolls for each meal, when butter has to be used, &c. There was a place for every pan and pot, and each was specified. Even the amount of coal required for a day's use in the kitchen stove was set down.

There was a special injunction that everything was to be kept neat and clean, and failure to do so would be detected by the master of the house, who would inspect the kitchen every day. The servant girl was allowed to receive company on one night each week, and she was permitted to take Sunday night to herself, provided she would return by 10½ P. M. Violation of the rules was punishable by her being kept on duty on Sunday night, and refused company either for one, two, or three weeks, as the magnitude of the offence might justify.

The harshness of the paterfamilias was brought into full play when he devised the rules for the bed chamber which his two daughters occupied. The placard was of the same pattern as those in other rooms throughout the house—twelve inches by eight, plain black lettering, surrounded by a broad black border. The placard was suspended by a ribbon from the top of the mirror frame, and the card covered the top of the glass. It was probably placed in that position by the father to insure its being seen long and often. Every time that either of those young ladies tied their bonnet strings, arranged her hair, or gazed into the depths of her blue eyes she cannot help seeing that placard. Any young lady must know how often, then, those rules meet the eyes of the fair occupants of that room. They read thus:

My daughters will refrain from using cosmetics, paints, powder, and other such stuff on any occasion.

Tight lacing is prohibited.
No conspicuous jewelry must be worn.
Rosewater is the only perfumery permitted.

The teeth and nails must be carefully brushed at least twice a day.

The bureau drawers must be kept in prime order.

No high-heeled or tight-fitting shoes allowed.

No garments should be thrown haphazard on the chairs.

The lights in this room must be extinguished at 11 o'clock P. M., promptly. It is unnecessary to add that my daughters will say their prayers before retiring at night and after rising in the morning.

Similar rules are placarded in the chamber occupied by the father and mother. Even the son is not exempt, and he is told how often to shave and what kind of cravats to wear.—*Baltimore News*.

A Brave Girl.

HOW KATE SHELLEY RISKED HER LIFE AND PREVENTED AN AWFUL DISASTER.

PONTIAC, Ill., Sept. 27.—To-day at the house of a mutual friend I met a nineteenth century heroine—a young girl who wears upon her breast a massive gold medal that was presented to her by the Legislature of the State of Iowa some years ago as a mark of its appreciation of her wonderful courage and presence of mind. Tall, erect and well proportioned, with her dark, bright eyes, rosy cheeks and clearly-cut features, forming a charming picture of strong, true American womanhood, Kate Shelley, of Boone, Iowa, is a girl that any father or any State might be proud of. She is to-day twenty-one years old, but she was only sixteen when by an act of daring bravery she won the admiration and gratitude of the people of her native State and made her name famous among them.

About dark on July 6, 1881, a wind and rain storm of unparalleled severity burst over Kate Shelley's home, in the country near Honey creek. The Des Moines river rose six

feet and every creek was over its banks in less than an hour. The window of this brave girl's room commanded a view of the Honey Creek Railroad bridge. Peering out into the darkness she saw, by the aid of the vivid flashes of lightning which at frequent intervals illuminated the scene, that houses, barns, fences, lumber and everything portable within reach of the flood had been carried away, while the wind swept by with fearful and ever-increasing velocity and the waters continued quickly and steadily to rise.

Through the blackness and storm she saw a locomotive headlight advancing swiftly in the direction of the bridge, which the flood had borne away. A second later and the light suddenly dropped down out of sight and through the roaring of the wind and the waters rendered it impossible for her to hear the frightful crash it must have made. She knew that a train of cars had plunged into the abyss.

Throwing an old waterproof about her shoulders and hastily lighting a lantern she ventured forth into the storm. The flood was far above all roads and pathways to the water's edge, and she soon realized that it would be impossible to reach the wreck. She must try some other plan. A steep, rocky bluff led up to the track. She began to ascend it. With her clothes rags and her flesh lacerated by the thick growth of bushes she at last reached the rails. There was still a small portion of the bridge left. On her hands and knees she crawled out on the remaining ties to the last one and, holding on with one hand for her life, she leaned over the water as far as she could and, waving her lantern, cried out at the top of her voice.

From the black gulf below there came in answer the faint accents of the engineer, who told her it was a freight train that had gone over and that, though badly injured, he had saved himself from drowning by crawling up on some broken timbers. He believed that all the other train hands had perished, and advised her to proceed at once to the nearest station, warn the approaching express train of its danger and return with help for him.

Retracing her steps the young heroine was soon hastening along the track with all the speed she could make against the howling tempest toward Moingona, a small station about one mile from Honey creek. To reach that point she had to cross the high trestle bridge over the Des Moines river, a distance of five hundred feet. Her trembling foot had scarcely taken its first step upon this structure when a sudden and appalling burst of thunder, lightning, wind and rain nearly threw her over into the water and at the same time extinguished her light. Matches would have been powerless to relight it in such a hurricane, even if she had them, and she was now unable to see even a hand's length before her, except when a vivid flash of lightning revealed the raging waters beneath her or the dark outlines of the swaying bridge to which she clung. Throwing away her lantern, this dauntless American girl again dropped on her hands and knees and thus made her way through the darkness and storm from tie to tie over the perilous trestle. Reaching firm ground again she soon covered the short remaining distance to the station, breathlessly told her story and then fell in a dead faint at the station agent's feet.

Succor was hastily dispatched to the suffering engineer in Honey creek. Telegrams went flying up and down the line notifying the railroad officials that the bridge was gone. Just one minute after the brave girl had fainted, and while she still lay unconscious, the express train came rushing in. When the passengers learned of the awful accident from which they had been saved by the indomitable courage of one fragile girl, loving hands took her up tenderly, chafed the torn and bleeding limbs, laved the pallid face and soon called her back to life again.

When the fame of brave Kate Shelley's exploit spread throughout her native State men and women of all classes united to do her honor. Several subscriptions were started for her benefit, and if money is ever an adequate recompense for such heroism she has been well rewarded for her brave conduct. The Legislature voted that a medal should be given her to commemorate her daring act and appointed a special committee to present it.—*The Times*.

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, October 14, 1886.

C. H. MARPLE, of Plymouth, one of the candidates defeated at the recent Democratic convention, has announced himself as an independent candidate for Assembly. Charlie has tired of convention disappointments and now proposes to reach the political promised land via another route. Go it, Charles.

The Chicago Anarchists, seven in number, were on Saturday sentenced to be hanged. The trial, admitted on all sides to have been fair and impartial, was a long and tedious one. The doom of the Anarchists is merited, yet imprisonment for life at hard labor would serve the cause of justice better, and create more dismay in the minds of sympathizing bummers and lawless villains, than the hanging of the seven murderers. The average anarchist fears hard work and a muzzle more than death. He doesn't object to figure as a martyr—even in a bad cause.

The Herald feels quite positive that the Republican county ticket is a marvel of strength and perfection. The cue to the Herald's enthusiasm and devotion is partially concealed in the fact that its candidates were all nominated, this time. That's why the political music of our astute contemporary contains no discordant notes. The Herald always supports the "whole ticket" after the convention, but now and then displays decided variations in its commendations. This time, however, the whole ticket is angelic in perfection and the Herald is really happy.

ACCORDING to Commissioner Eaton, the school population of the United States is 17,000,000. There are 11,000,000 enrolled pupils and 7,000,000 who attend school. The balance, after all necessary reductions have been made, to the account of ignorance is frightful. And yet a great many people in this wonderful country of ours appear to be very much interested in dispatching missionaries to foreign lands to wrestle with the heathen—to educate and christianize them, particularly the latter. Perhaps the entering wedge of the millennium is to be driven into the hearts of the heathen first. It depends altogether how you look at the matter.

It is announced that the present marriage law has caused a loss of \$25,000 in marriage fees to the clergymen of this State. The loss sustained hardly serves as a reason why the law should be repealed. The fact that no law should exist to furnish fees to anybody rather overtops the objection urged against what is generally regarded to be a wise measure. Among the marriages that ought not to be contracted at all are those consummated beyond the borders of the State. Pennsylvania can afford to set a good example, and the preachers of the Commonwealth might afford to give what moral support they can spare to the law and encourage its observance, without giving the matter of fees much consideration one way or the other.

THE Blaine, Beaver and Stewart political combination and aggregation in the interest of the republican cause will attract no little attention in Philadelphia Saturday evening. Stewart, the man who was instrumental in defeating Beaver four years ago, will now occupy the same platform with Beaver, and introduce Blaine to the multitude, and Blaine will reward Beaver's devotion to the Old Guard of 306 in 1880, by advocating Beaver's election.

An illustration of the whirligig of politics, and the changing loves of strange bed-fellows! The new combination and aggregation will make a tour through the western part of the State next week. And Blaine's eloquent and magnetic appeals will make votes for Beaver. No doubt about that.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Beecher's lectures are retelling in England at only a penny a copy, the great Brooklyn preacher is not losing either money or prestige by his visit to the other side. His salary goes on during his absence and he is not lecturing under the Pond management for absolutely nothing, that is certain. His Sunday sermons are meanwhile being regularly published in a Brooklyn paper, which pays him a royalty for the privilege. Furthermore the cheerful Mrs. Beecher is writing gossipy letters for the same journal and endeavoring in her modest way to drop an occasional eagle in the Beecher purse. As a general thing the people who go from this country to Europe have little to show for their wanderings but hotel bills and customs receipts,

but that is not likely to be the case in this particular instance.

A GRAVE doctrinal dispute agitated the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Des Moines, last week, occasioned by the charge of heresy resting against five of the professors of the Andover Theological Seminary. The chief point at issue pertained to the condition of the heathen after death. The accused professors are charged with believing and teaching a second probation, or in other words they believe the heathen will be granted an opportunity to receive salvation elsewhere provided they receive no chance here. The old school sticks to the aged theory and sends all heathen who fail to partake of the benefits of the gospel here to perdition hereafter.

The poor heathen! He stands very much in need of being prayed for! His lot is not altogether an enviable one. He doesn't know and is not in a condition to believe and accept a plan of certain salvation; consequently he is to be damned! Terrible!

Such burning religious questions and disputes as these serve an important purpose, to our mind, and should be encouraged rather than retarded. They tend to stimulate thought.

We hope the Andover heretics will be prosecuted. They should have known better, bad boys!

Condition of the Crops.

WASHINGTON, October 11. — The October report of the Department of Agriculture shows an average yield of 124 bushels of wheat from an area of 37,000,000 acres, or an increase of about 100,000,000 bushels over last year's crop. The average in Pennsylvania is 13 bushels per acre. The oats crop is over 600,000,000 bushels; barley nearly 60,000,000 bushels; rye, over 20,000,000 bushels; corn, at least 1,650,000,000 bushels.

Some Fair Questions.

From the Philadelphia Times.

The public is given to understand that it has been decided at a Cabinet meeting that a Federal official should resign when he becomes a candidate for some other office.

This suggests a few pertinent questions. Was it improper for Grover Cleveland, when Mayor of Buffalo, to seek to be nominated for Governor of the State of New York?

Was it improper for Grover Cleveland, when Governor of the State of New York, to seek to be nominated for President of the United States?

And while a candidate for Governor, was it improper for him to retain the office of Mayor, and while candidate for President, should he have resigned from the office of Governor?

We think the proper answer to all these questions is, No. Evidently Grover Cleveland once thought the same thing.

But, if so, why should a District Attorney of the United States be forced to resign merely because he has had the good fortune to be nominated for Congress?

Sixteen Thousand Strikers.

IDLE MEN WATCHING THE PACKING HOUSES SURROUNDED BY GUARDS.

CHICAGO, October 11.—The new rule-making ten hours, instead of eight, a day's labor went into effect at the pork packing houses this morning and the anticipated strike of the hands was begun. Not one of the 16,000 men usually employed offered to return to work on the ten-hour basis. There was a tremendous crowd of idle men in and about the yards, but there were no indications of angry feeling sufficient to cause a disturbance. Four hundred of Pinkerton's men, armed with Winchester rifles stood guard around the premises. Their presence had an exciting effect upon the strikers, and before noon it was announced that fifty beef-killers employed in the Fowler establishment had quit work and joined the strikers. Shortly afterward the men employed by Armour to load cars also came out, along with fifty of his engineers. He has but four hundred men, or about one-eighth of his regular force, at work in his pork department, but the beef-killers are going on as usual. F. M. Butler and J. Barry, the delegates appointed by the Richmond Convention of the Knights of Labor to endeavor to adjust the troubles here, arrived this morning and went into conference with the leaders of the strikers. At the close of the conference Mr. Butler said: "We understand from the dispatches we received at Richmond that all the Knights of Labor in the yards were on a strike, but on arriving here found this was not true, as the beef packers are still at work. This will complicate things considerably, as the beef packers are not, and united action will be more difficult to obtain. We will hold another meeting and will then decide on what course to pursue. In the meantime nothing will be done, but we hope that to-morrow we will be able to adjust all the existing difficulties." Armour and other packers will, it is affirmed, consent to nothing less than ten hours. They assert that they are anxious to keep all the departments running, and are making preparations to bring in men to take the places of the strikers. Armour is putting up coats for them, and says he can guarantee all the steady men ample protection.

A Paterson Justice after repeating the formula of an oath to a young woman ended as usual by saying, "Kiss the Book." "I will not," was the unexpected reply. "The last witness that was sworn was chewing tobacco, and the one before him had fever blisters on his lips." She was permitted to affirm.

MRS. S. L. PUGH.

TRAPPE, PA.

A Glass Mountain.

HALF A MILE LONG AND VARYING FROM 150 TO 200 FEET IN HEIGHT.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12. — One of the forthcoming reports of the Geological Survey will contain a paper by Prof. Joseph P. Iddings upon an obsidian cliff in Yellowstone Park. This cliff is an elevation half mile long by from 150 to 200 feet high, the material of which Prof. Iddings says, "is as good glass as any artificially manufactured." Its colors and structure not only make it highly interesting to the visitor, but furnish to the scientific investigator phenomena of importance. The cliff presents part of a section of a surface flow of obsidian, which poured down an ancient slope from the plateau lying east. It is impossible to determine what the original thickness of this flow was. The dense glass which now forms its lower portion is from 75 to 100 feet thick, while the porous and pumiceous upper portion has suffered from ages of erosion and glacial action.

A remarkable feature of the cliff is the development of prismatic columns, which form its southern extremity. These are of shining black obsidian, rising from the talus slope, and are from fifty to sixty feet in height, with diameters varying from two to four feet.

The color of the material of this cliff is for the most part jet black, but much of it is mottled and streaked with bright brownish red and various shades of brown, from dark to light yellowish, purplish, and olive green. The brilliant lustre of the rock and the strong contrasts of colors with the black are very striking. In places the glass in the process of cooling has been broken into small angular pieces, which have been again cemented by the later flow, producing many colored and beautiful breccia. In some places the material shows a fine satin lustre, while in others a deep golden sheen is noticeable, which, under the lens, resolves itself into thin beams of red and yellow light. Through the black and red glass are scattered dull bluish gray patches and bands, and round gray and pink masses, the effect of which is to still further vary the appearance and beauty of the rock, and make it the most conspicuous and characteristic variety of volcanic lava known.

Give the Boys a Chance.

In July there was a convention of glass blowers at Atlantic City, N. J., and during the season a resolution was adopted abolishing the apprentice system in glass factories. The matter, of itself, has perhaps small importance, but it is significant of the tendency of the labor movement, and it has an interest beyond the narrow boundaries of the glass industry, because similar action has already been taken by other trades. The point involved is just this: Men who are earning their bread at skilled labor formally declare that no American boy shall be allowed to acquire the skill required to perform that labor. They turn their backs on the five or six million young men and boys in this country, and deny their right to become expert mechanics. The purpose, of course, is to make skilled labor scarce and so to keep up wages. The result is to exclude the young from the chance to earn good wages, to force many of them into idleness and to tempt others into crime. Against such a system the people of the country have a right to make vigorous protest. It is a matter that affects society at large. It touches directly every man who has children, and indirectly every human being, from the lowest to the highest. The right of a boy to learn any honest trade that he wants to learn is positively indisputable; and to this is joined the clear right of every employer to take a boy into his shop to help him to acquire knowledge and skill. The denial of these rights by a trade union is tyranny, and it ought to be resisted to the last extremity. We assert that the solitary chance of the success of the labor movement, so called, lies in its obedience to the requirements of justice. When it sets justice at defiance, it is doomed. The people of this country are not going to permit any body of men to trample the most ordinary human rights under their feet. —Textile Record.

Interesting Paragraphs.

James A. Garfield, who is studying law in Cleveland, is said to resemble his father in size, complexion, eyes, and manner. He promises well.

There is a good deal of practical common sense in the answer of the old cook in New Orleans when her young mistress told her of Wiggins's coming earthquake. "Go 'long, chile," she said, "go 'long, wid yer nonsense! God-amity don't go and tell anybody what He's gwine ter do; He jes' go 'long and do it."

Mrs. Olive Cleveland Clarke, of Springfield, Mass., is considered an unusual woman for two reasons. The first is that she has lived to the age of 109; the second, that she makes no attempt to prove a relationship with the President.

A citizen of Newton, N. J., noticed his hens standing around a tree on which a grapevine grew gazing upward intently. He looked further, and saw another hen up in the tree picking the grapes from the vine and dropping them down for the fowls on the ground. The citizen is said to be truthful.

COAL!

Jacob Trinley, LIMERICK STATION, PA.

A religious enthusiast of Los Angeles, Cal., thought he heard a voice commanding him to sell what he had and give to the poor. So he sent \$1,000 each to two benevolent societies of the place, leaving his family destitute. The money was sent to the crank's wife and children.

William Henry Fitz Lee, who has been nominated for Congress in Virginia, is a son of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He was a Confederate soldier, and being taken prisoner was selected, with other prisoners, for execution, in case the Confederates carried out their threats of killing some colored soldiers whom they had taken prisoners. The negroes were not hanged.

D'BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and all other consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. For sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 cts.

FIFTEEN BASQUE AND SKIRT MAKERS

-Wanted Immediately at-

HOWARD LEOPOLD'S.

Owing to the unprecedented increase in orders for suits both in our town and vicinity, as well as from hundreds of consumers scattered over the U. S., we need more good hands at once. The eighty-seven men now at work are unable to keep up with the demand for our suits, having continually about two hundred orders on hand to be made up.

The following letters and extracts, of which we have published almost every one written without our solicitation, indicate why our work is so rapidly increasing. We give you a few, of course omitting the names of the writers.

Mr. H. LEOPOLD: My dress came last week and I am delighted with it. It is perfectly comfortable, and is made just the way I wished it to be, but I thought I wouldn't say anything, and trust to your judgement. I am very much pleased with my coat also. Yours, truly,

BLAINSTOWN, N. J.
Mr. HOWARD LEOPOLD: I wanted to write to you immediately on receipt of my dresses, to express my unbounded satisfaction, pleasure and admiration. I am perfectly satisfied with them in every respect and perhaps it may be pleasant and gratifying to you to know that every one who sees them is as much delighted as I am. I shall not be surprised if you receive orders and new customers growing out of the very enthusiastic and real admiration my dresses have inspired. Your address has been asked for by a number of my friends already, and I am pleased to give it, and to express at the same time my recommendation in highest terms. Yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON, D. C.
HOWARD LEOPOLD, Esq., Dear Sir: The suit received, you certainly have spared no expense in quality of material or work. The suit is beautifully finished and a credit to your establishment. Yours, truly,

GLEN COVE, L. I.
Mr. H. LEOPOLD: My dress and coat arrived safely and I am much pleased with them. Yours, truly,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Mr. H. LEOPOLD: The dress is very pretty and satisfactory. Respectfully,

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
Mr. HOWARD LEOPOLD: My dress arrived safely and I find it very satisfactory.

PATENTS

Obtained and all PATENT BUSINESS attended to PROMPTLY and for MODERATE FEES. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model or drawing. We advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make no charge unless patent is secured.

We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and reference to actual clients in your own State or County, write to C. A. SNOW & CO., 140c Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

TO FARMERS!

Why buy fertilizers manufactured abroad when you can secure equally as good, if not a better, article nearer home, thus saving freight charges? These questions do not apply to hundreds of farmers in Montgomery and Chester counties who have used, with ENTIRE SATISFACTION,

-Trinley's FERTILIZERS-

TRINLEY'S FERTILIZERS are just what is claimed (and more, too) for them, and bring the right results every time they are used. They are genuine in quality and will continue to be in the future what they have been in the past—HONEST, HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS.

PURE GROUND BONE,

\$36 per ton.

Raw - Bone - Super - Phosphate,

\$36 per ton.

Favorite - Bone - Phosphate,

\$32 per ton.

Ravine Bone Phosphate

\$25 per ton.

Also manufacturer of Cracked Bone for Chicken

Manure, and other Fertilizer Supplies, Hides, Skins, Tallow, Nuts, Oil, Soap, &c., &c.

COAL!

All grades and sizes, sold at lowest figures. Gross weight.

Jacob Trinley,

LIMERICK STATION, PA.

F. P. Faringer, of Ironbridge, and John Faringer of Worcester, are agents for Trinley's Fertilizers in the middle and lower sections of Montgomery County. All orders left at Collegeville mills will have prompt attention. Will ship by any railway station most convenient to the purchaser.

THE FOOLISH MAN.

Filled with dismay at the frequent and large shoe bills for his children he resolves to KNOW why it is that his neighbor Mr. Wiseman's children have the secret is buying the GENUINE "SOLAR TIP SHOES."

THE WISE MAN.

for the children. Gold Medal First-Class Award at World's Fair, N. Orleans. Above is the trade mark which must always have our full name on the sole of every pair "SOLAR TIP AND JOHN MUNDALL & CO., PHILA. (Copyrighted)." **SOLD AT**

FENTON'S!

-AND ALSO THE CELEBRATED-

FREED'S BOOTS AND SHOES!

An elegant Boys' Boot for \$2. Men's from 2.45 to 3.75. Good solid shoe for boys only \$1.25, and a beautiful button shoe for girls only \$1.30. Very large stock of Ladies and Misses fine shoes made by Geo. W. Orr & Co., in the latest styles—every pair warranted to give Satisfaction. All Sizes.

Rubber & Gum Boots

On Hand. Just Received attractive assortment of PARLOR & HAND LAMPS!

-Also a Full Line of-

QUEENSWARE,

Direct from Potteries. Fall and Winter opening of Ladies, Gents' and Children's

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY!

Large stock of ready made clothing. Good warm coat for \$2.50. Mens all wool pants \$2. In the height of fashion with men's and boys' fine stiff hats; good warm cap for 25 cts. Lot of old style hats for every day wear from 10c. to 50c. A fine laundried shirt 75 cents—cheap. JOB LOT OF COLORED

BED BLANKETS!

only 80 cents per pair, very cheap. Horse Blankets from 75c up. Finest quilting cotton 10c per lb. Remnants of good Calico from 5 to 20 yards only 5c per yard. Beautiful black wool Cashmere only 47c per yard. Fine line of Cloths and Cassimeres. Heavy Canton Flannel only 10 cents per yd.

ALL SIZES OF GLASS ON HAND AND ANY SIZE CUT TO ORDER.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISH &c.,

Fresh Cement and Calcimine Plaster. Full line of hardware, drugs, Oil Cloths, wooden and tinware.

CHOICE GROCERIES!

At Rock Bottom Prices. Extra Fat Fish 15 lbs. in a bucket, only 95 cts. Highest prices paid for country produce in exchange, at

FENTON'S

Collegeville, Pa.

FRUIT JARS

Fruit Jars

pints, quarts, 1-2 gal. &c.

We have porcelain lined top; glass top, and we have what they call the lightning jars—three kinds.

Tumblers for jellies the regular jelly cups, with tops (with tops)—in abundance. Remember this.

Porcelain lined boilers for stewing fruits and for preparing fruits for canning. They are better and much cheaper than the old copper boilers.

If you want a pump we can sell you one as cheap as anybody else.

For Builders: Fresh stock of Cement, Calcimine plaster, &c., on hand.

We are offering a special bargain in

Men's Fine Shoes

laced or congress—for \$2.00; usual price \$2.50. They ought to go off our hands like hot cakes. We think they will.

G. F. Hunsicker,

RAHNS STATION, PA.

ESTATE NOTICE!

Estate of BENJAMIN DETWILER, late of Upper Providence township, Montgomery County, deceased. Letters of Administration on the above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims to present the same without delay to J. SCHRACK SHEARER, 1940c Admin'r, Oaks, Montg. Co., Pa.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The undersigned desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish and apply the BEST FIRE-PROOF ROOFING PAINT made for either shingle or tin roofs. Why pay 8 cents per foot for having your roofs painted, when you can have it done for from 1/2 to one cent per foot? Why? Satisfaction guaranteed. Call on or address, LEWIS B. WISMER, 144-2c Collegeville, Pa.

FALL OPENING!

We have begun unheard-of things in Fine DRESS GOODS, RED FLANNELS, COTTON FLANNELS, UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY.

A FINE LINE OF

Fall and Winter Style Stiff and Soft Hats, Kid, Buck and Wool Gloves in Great Variety.

THE BEST QUALITY AND MAKE OF LEATHER AND - RUBBER BOOTS -

TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES, FINE AND TOUGH!!

N. B.—OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT CONTAINS EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN THAT LINE. PRICES LOWER THAN THE LOWEST. MOTTO—"SMALL PROFITS."

C. J. & J. M. BUCKLEY,

TRAPPE, PA.

DOWN! -- DOWN! --

TO--

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES --

MY ENTIRE STOCK, CONSISTING OF

DRY GOODS, Groceries,

Wood ware, Willow ware.

Boots and Shoes, Paints & Oils, &c., &c., &c.

I would call particular attention to my fine stock of CASSIMERES & SUITINGS, for all sizes and ages, rich as well as poor. I can suit you. Will make suits at all prices, or any style and any price reasonable, and guarantee satisfaction. My stock of Shoes is large, and I can show you a good line of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes. All I ask of my patrons is to call and examine my Stock, and oblige,

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS,

PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE.

CULBERT'S DIARRHŒA MIXTURE

Will cure Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus &c., &c.

CULBERT'S CREAM OF CAMPHOR

Will relieve Sunburn, Freckles, Tan, and banish mosquitoes, &c.

We Sell YEAST CAKES for baking, that will keep until used.

PURE DRUGS AND SPICES A SPECIALTY.

Joseph W. Culbert, Druggist.

Stand By Those Who Stand By You.

We have now completed our stock for the sale of popular Fall and Winter Styles at prices which will make us

THE FRIEND OF EVERY ECONOMICAL BUYER.

Don't wait. Get the first choice from the Bright New Stock of MEN'S, BOYS' and CHILDREN'S

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING!

The Best Assortment!

All the Leading Styles!

Prices Which Will Startle Everybody!!

People of taste and economy now is your chance. Our success is daily endorsed by hosts of delighted buyers. Every article is marked in plain figures, and this means honest dealing and strictly ONE PRICE.

D. MITCHELL,

Leading and Largest ONE PRICE Clothing House in Montgomery County, 18 and 20 East Main St., opp. Public Square, NORRISTOWN.

N. B.—Merchant Tailoring receives my special attention.

D. MITCHELL.

SPRING VALLEY Creamery!

TRAPPE, PA. In full operation. First-class products for sale, wholesale and retail. A. D. WAGONER, PROPRIETOR.

LOST!

On Monday, September 28th, in Trappe, a Silver Watch. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at THIS OFFICE.

FOR SALE!

A first-class Lot Wagon, with tongue and shafts, for one or two horses. It is as good as new and will be sold cheap. Apply to J. C. HUNSICKER, Ironbridge, Pa.

FOR SALE!

Good seed wheat and rye. Apply to F. M. HILTEBEITEL, Half-way between Limerick Square and Schwenksville. 16sep36

FOR SALE!

WHEAT STRAW. Apply to F. P. FARINGER, Ironbridge, Pa.

FOR SALE!

A good brown horse; excellent tread-power horse; works anywhere. Will be sold cheap. Apply to F. M. HILTEBEITEL, Half-way between Limerick Square and Schwenksville. 16sep36

HARRY A. HALLMAN,

INSURANCE!

313 SWEDE STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.

LOCK BOX 8. 16sep36

Providence Independent.

Thursday, October 14, 86.

TERMS:—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

Milk.....6.47 a. m.
Accommodation.....8.07 a. m.
Market.....1.30 p. m.
Accommodation.....4.34 p. m.

FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.

Milk.....7.17 a. m.
Accommodation.....9.14 a. m.
Market.....3.13 p. m.
Accommodation.....6.40 p. m.

SUNDAY—SOUTH.

Milk.....6.50 a. m.
Accommodation.....6.50 a. m.

NORTH.

Accommodation.....10.39 a. m.
Milk.....7.41 p. m.

All communications, business or otherwise, transmitted to us through the mails, to receive immediate attention, must be directed to Collegeville, P. O., hereafter.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks

From Abroad.

—Summer zephyrs, still here; autumnal blasts, on the way.

—Popular: Beautiful moonlight evenings and well-lit front gates.

—Miss Alice Hunsicker, teacher of the grammar department of the Collegeville school is on the sick list, and her pupils will have a vacation the balance of the week.

—The Dunkards will hold a love-feast in the Skippack meeting house next Saturday evening, October 16.

—The farm of H. V. Johnson, deceased, Skippack township, was offered at public sale last Friday, bid to \$48 per acre and withdrawn.

—The puddlers in the employ of the Phoenix Iron Company, Phoenixville, were informed that on and after Monday their wages would be advanced 25 cents a ton.

—The managers of the Pottstown Inter County Fair have found that, after paying for their buildings, improvements and so forth and discharging all their indebtedness, they have from \$1,600 to \$2,000 to invest for next year's display.

—"Want to be a bar-keeper, eh?" "Yes sir." Do you understand keeping books on the single-entry system?" "No sir; but I understand keeping Sunday on the double-entry system."

"Very well. Hang up your hat."

—"Barney" a faithful old horse belonging to A. Hunsicker, this place, by some means or other recently broke a leg and had to be killed.

—The flour manufactured at the Collegeville roller mills is still ahead. The proprietor, Mr. Paist, is experiencing considerable difficulty in keeping abreast with the orders by reason of the scarcity of water.

—Auctioneer Fetterolf sent us an ear of corn recently that contained 1246 large grains.

—Ed. Matthews, a gentleman and a literary genius, connected with the North Wales Record was in town Friday night. He paid this office a very pleasant visit. Come again.

—In the matter of blankets, robes, and all other horse goods, J. Detwiler of Upper Providence Square takes the lead. He is selling good blankets and robes very cheap.

—Adjutant Thomas J. Stewart was presented with a handsome crayon likeness of himself by Grand Army friends in Philadelphia.

—Reuben D. Kriebel has sold his farm of 12 acres, in Worcester township, to Adam Fisher, of Lower Salford township, for \$9,000.

—No one is exempt from the disappointments incident to existence. Not even "gentlemen of the cloth."

—Butcher Thompson, of Lower Providence, supports a smiling countenance these days, and a good reason he has for doing so. It's a boy.

—And the owners of trotting and pacing horses, living in Upper Providence, are going to have a grand opportunity to find out who has the best horse or the fastest goer in the township, and who will come in second, third, fourth, and so on. The coming event will be a lively one. The Pottstown track will be the place, boys, and very likely the 6th of November the date. We'll tell you more about it next week.

—Bill Young, republican candidate for Treasurer, passed through town Tuesday evening, feeling hopeful. No body will offer any objections if he feels more than hopeful after election. In the meantime he will have to secure about eleven thousand votes. And the trouble is his creameries can't manufacture them.

—Buckley Bros., of Trappe, make a timely announcement in another column. Read their new ad.

—On the farm of John Rittenhouse, Jeffersonville, is an apple tree covered with blossoms, but containing not one leaf.

—An interesting meeting of the Garfield Lyceum was held in Fenton's hall, Tuesday evening. The program, as announced last week, was performed.

—A valuable horse belonging to H. K. Gotschall, of Skippack, jumped over a pale fence Tuesday evening, last week, running one of the pickets into his body. The animal ran a few steps and fell dead from the loss of blood.

—Cards of invitation have been circulated, announcing the marriage of Rev. O. P. Smith, Trappe, to Miss Mary Hobson, daughter of F. M. Hobson, this place. The ceremony will be performed in the Lutheran church, Trappe, Thursday, October 21.

—The family of Mr. H. B. Schmuck, of Lower Providence, having noticed a noise like the buzzing of bees, investigated the matter a day or two ago, and discovered that a swarm had entered by a small hole and located themselves within the eaves of the house.

Y. P. A.

A literary meeting of the Y. P. A., will be held this (Thursday) evening, October 14, at a quarter before eight, to which the public is invited. An interesting program has been prepared.

Result of a Runaway.

Last Saturday Brook Wasson, residing near Oaks Station, was going down a hill in a milk wagon when his horse commenced kicking, and finally ran off. Mr. Wasson was thrown violently from the wagon. One of his legs was broken and he was otherwise so seriously injured that, at this writing, no hopes are entertained for his recovery.

The Oldest Fireman Gone.

Jacob Tripler, aged 94 years, died at his residence, Norristown, Wednesday last week. For years he has been known as one of the oldest living volunteer firemen, his service dating back to 1811, when he belonged to the United States Engine Company, Philadelphia.

Gone to Virginia.

Rev. John Hunsberger, of Worcester, Rev. Henry Wismer, of East Perkiomen, accompanied by two of their friends, Mrs. Christian Wismer and Henry Tryon, have gone to Virginia to visit friends and Mennonite brethren in that state. They intend to remain a few weeks.

Insurance Company Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Montgomery county will be held at the Veranda House, Norristown, on Monday, November 1st, at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the election of managers, &c. Amendments to the by-laws will also be submitted for adoption or rejection at the same time.

Sneak Thieves.

Considerable petty thieving has been indulged in lately by sneak thieves, judging by the reports of thefts that have come to hand lately. Last Thursday night the premises of Auctioneer John G. Fetterolf, Charles Genari, and Frank Ashenfelter, all of this township, were visited and various articles, including eatables, stolen. From Mr. Ashenfelter's residence several coats were removed.

Real Estate Sold.

E. L. Hallman, Charles Bean and J. Milton Lewin, assignees of James U. Bean and Isaac U. Bean, sold the real estate, in Upper Providence, this county, at public sale, last week. James U. Bean's farm of 51 acres and 91 perches was sold to Mrs. Mary Thomas for \$4,800, and Reuben Tyson bought the Isaac U. Bean farm, 45 acres and 116 perches, for \$4,980.

Sad Accident.

Recent information from Isaac K. Harley, of Virginia, formerly of Limerick township, this county, has been received by relatives living in this section which relates a sad and fatal accident, on October 4. Lizzie, a nine-year-old daughter of Mr. Harley's was thrown from a load of lumber, and fell under the wheels, which passed over her body, causing injuries that resulted in death the following Wednesday.

Had a Good Time.

Messrs. Wm. Grinstead, J. H. Richard and Dr. B. Place, of this place, returned Sunday evening from their Virginia trip. They accompanied the popular excursion of the 129th Pa. Regiment that left Philadelphia, Tuesday, last week. The places of note visited and the general good time had are enthusiastically referred to by our townsmen. Dr. Place has promised to "write up the trip" for publication next week.

The Wilson Case.

The case of John M. Wilson, now in prison for the murder of Anthony W. Daley, has been dropped from the Supreme Court list, where it had been taken by his counsel, because of the failure to present a transcript of the record in the case. Judge Boyer refused to make an order requiring the County Commissioners to bear this expense, and the necessary funds were not forthcoming from any other source. The only resources now available to Wilson's friends, if he has any, are an appeal to the Board of Pardons, or a commission to inquire into the prisoner's sanity. From present appearances he is likely to have his desire fully granted, that his crime shall be expiated by his death upon the gallows.

Died.

Miss Hetty Gotschall, aged 58 years, 5 months and 25 days, died Sunday at the residence of John Gotschall, near York Station, this township. Death was caused by paralysis. The funeral will be held to-day (Thursday) at 10 a. m. Interment in Green Tree cemetery, this township.

Mrs. Barlow, wife of Richard Barlow, Limerick township, died on Tuesday, 5th inst., of consumption, aged 28 years. The funeral was held Saturday.

College Notes.

There will be a game of base ball played between the Ursinus and Muhlenberg nines on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, on the college campus. All are invited.

Messrs. O. P. Schellbamer, '85, I. C. Fisher and O. H. E. Rauch, '89, spent Sunday very pleasantly at their respective homes.

President Bomberger conducted communion services at Limerick Station last Sunday morning. Messrs. Phillips, Mertz and Messenger of the seminary were also engaged in pulpit work in different parts.

Messrs. Fisher, Mensch, Wehler, '87, Bromer, Myers, '88, M. A. Peters, '89, and H. E. Jones, '90, spent Monday evening very pleasantly at a sociable given by the Misses Schwenk. The gentlemen speak very highly of the manner in which they were entertained, and all join in returning their hearty thanks to the ladies.

Don't forget the lecture on the 22d.

SMADA.

Killed by an Explosion.

John K. Gunn, of Bridgeport, a single man, aged 32 years, and foreman of B. C. Richardson & Co.'s lime quarries in Plymouth township, was almost instantly killed Monday morning by an unexpected explosion. Gunn and a fellow workman had filled a deep hole with clay preparatory to blasting. It is supposed that some powder got mixed with the clay, causing a slight explosion. While Mr. Gunn was standing over the hole the main charge exploded. He was knocked down and one of his legs was torn from the thigh. Death resulted from the shock and loss of blood twenty minutes after ward.

Dr. Markley will not Run.

POSITIVELY DECLINING THE CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATION IN THE SEVENTH.

NORRISTOWN, October 12.—The question of Dr. A. D. Markley's acceptance of the Democratic Congressional nomination in the Seventh district, composed of Montgomery and the lower portion of Bucks county, was settled to-day by his positive declination. Owing to the irregularity of his nomination some Democrats avowed they would not vote for him. Heretofore it has been the custom to hold a Congressional convention when the choice belonged to this county, as it does this year. The conferees from this county were then instructed to support the choice of the convention, who invariably was chosen by them as the party's candidate. This year, however, no Congressional Convention was held. When the conferees met at Philadelphia Isaac Fagely, an extensive iron manufacturer of Pottstown, was the choice of four out of the five Montgomery conferees, but the Bucks county conferees voted with one of the Montgomery conferees for Dr. Markley, who was therefore nominated, although not the choice of this county. When Dr. Markley was on the 6th instant officially notified of his nomination by a committee chosen from the conferees he produced a letter of declination, which, however, the committee would not accept and afterward reported that the nomination has been accepted. Dr. Markley insisted that he had declined the nomination, in the interest of the Democratic peace and harmony. The conferees will hold a meeting here on Thursday next and the probabilities are that Isaac Fagely will be nominated. He is popular and capable and would have a chance for election. Mr. Fagely is president of the Pottstown Warwick Iron Company.

Another score is to be added to the record of the American farmers.

By a recently compiled list it is shown that they outdo bankers, editors, railroad officials and school teachers twenty to one; manufacturers and clergymen ten to one; physicians, numerous as they are, and mechanics, three to one, and army officers themselves two and a half to one, in the rearing of young men for the West Point Military Academy. Some one has taken the trouble to compile a diagram showing the occupations of the fathers of all West Point cadets admitted since 1842. The farmers have furnished 827, which is 332 more than the class coming next to them—the merchants. The whole list of authors, cooks, butchers and barbers have never been able to get more than one each admitted, while policemen, printers and—strange to say—politicians have but two each to their credit. Members of Congress have sent 23, while people of no occupation have furnished 179. It is no wonder this is a great country, when it has a farmer class that can both feed the country with wheat and the army with cadet recruits.

"My motto is 'live and let live.'"

said the soldier, as he turned his back to the enemy and fled from the battle field.

The Mayor's Message.

—May we be pardoned for requesting the Mayor to incorporate in his next message the fact that many of our most prominent citizens have been cured of rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred complaints by Salvation Oil, and to recommend this valuable medicine.

It must be good, for everybody recommends it. We mean Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Handling Stove and Pipe.

'Twas the other evening when Mrs. Tart, who had just finished supper—and finished one of a standing course of lectures on the imperfections of men, remarked:

"Jim, I want you to put that stove up before you go to bed this night. You'd better do the job before your regular visit to the corner grocery."

Jim happened to be deeply absorbed in thought—perhaps wondering who was going to be elected Governor, and what he would do in case the Prohibits interfered with his rations. He didn't hear.

"I say, Jim! I are you deaf when a body talks to you? I never saw such a stick in all my life. Oh, dear me, Jim!"

And Jim turned about in his chair, and, somewhat startled, answered:—

"What's the matter now?"

"Yes, what's the matter now, just as if I hadn't said anything to you; you must think I like to talk and not be heard—I'll show you a thing or two. Here, now, take hold of this pipe. The stove's got to be moved right now. I'll wait till you get ready, we'll freeze to death next winter. Take right hold here and steady the pipe below while I pull it from the wall above, and mind you, I want no soot on this floor."

Jim had been there before—and he kept his mouth shut while his mind wondered how the thing was going to pan out. He was tempted to swear before he took hold of the pipe, but concluded to wait for emergencies.

"Are you ready, Jim?"

"Yes, I've got a tight hold—may the devil take pipe, thet's hot! You must think I'm a fool to stand here and burn my fingers to accommodate you. I guess I never married you for that!"

"Oh, you booby, afraid of a stove pipe that's a little warm. And I'd just like to know what you did marry me for, anyhow, you stupid thing."

At this juncture the cat knocked several dishes off the table and spilled some broth into the lap of a three-year-old heir. And there was a little life about the kitchen and matters were getting a trifle interesting.

"I say, Jim, take this dish rag in your paws. Maybe you won't burn your tender fingers next time. Now wrap the rag round the pipe and hold fast."

And Jim took an earnest hold. The pipe was still hot; but he thought he could stand it. Maria took her hold and it was intended that the pipe should come down just so. It came down, it did, all at once in several distinct pieces, and the soot covered the floor. In escaping contact with the falling pipe Jim backed over the top of a chair, and both went down sideways. Maria screamed, the children looked frightened, and Jim felt sore, and—

"Well, I guess you'll get enough moving pipes and stoves, you discontented woman; you are always bellerin' to have this or the other thing done before a fellow can get a minute's rest."

Jim was getting mad. Of course there was no need of Maria becoming angry.

"A minute's rest! You ought to talk about a minute's rest; yes, you ought; you're resting half your time, and then growl around the house when you're asked to do a little something. Pretty man you are; just look at this floor!"

"Well, look at it!" quoth Jim. "I wish some of the soot had gone down your throat."

"Of course you do, you nasty, ugly thing, you. Nothing would please you better than see me choke to death. Oh, dear me!—and here's this stove, still unmoved!"

The dust brush, broom, and dust pan were utilized for a half hour before a raid on the stove was made. But the stove had to come in for a share. It had to be removed, and poor Jim knew it. He began to perspire before he had a pound.

"Well, Maria, how's this stove to be moved?" asked Jim.

"Of course, you don't know how, do you? Might as well you do know, outside of getting away with a meal. Here, you get on this side and I'll get on the other, we'll lift together and move it towards the door, and turn it around before it gets there. Now, look out for the corner of that table, or you'll be fallin' over your own feet again. Now, have you got a hold?"

Jim drew a long sigh and said he had.

"Are you ready, Jim?"

"Of course I am!"

And both lifted, but not together. It was a sort of a see-saw lift. As one side went up the other went down, with no forward movement whatever. After tusseling for a little while the legs of the stove became detached, one after the other, and about the time the last one started to roll over the floor the lower edge of the stove just pressed Maria's great toe most mightily and tightly. Jim ran around, lifted it he was blue in the face, and relieved the toe. And there lay the stove, about where it had stood before. And Jim was in a fix. Maria was wounded and scarcely able to walk. Finally, he mustered together all his senses, persuaded Maria to go to bed, and started out to get help. He got it and completed the moving; but the horrors of that night are still fresh in Jim's mind. And Maria is nursing a toe full of pain. And in anger her memory reverts to the unpleasant incidents of a few nights ago. And of such are the woes of married life. The stove and stove pipe are important factors in the downs of existence. A history might be written and the perplexities incident to stoves and stove pipes wouldn't half be told.

Accountants and others who lead sedentary lives should use Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills, the great preventive of constipation. Price 25 cents.

Day's Horse Powder promotes the growth of stunted pigs, and prevents hog cholera. Try it.

Drexel's Bell Cologne, the people's remedy.

Philadelphia Produce Market.

Flour.

Pennsylvania Extra Family 3 60 @ 3 75

Rye Flour 34 @ 3 25

GRAIN.

Red Wheat 81 1/2 @ 85 1/2

Corn 44 @ 47

Oats 34 @ 37

Rye 7 1/2 @ 8

PROVISIONS.

Mess Pork 10 50 @ 14 00

Dried Beef 6 50 @ 8 50

Dried Beef 15 00 @ 16 00

Bacon Hams 21 00 @ 23 25

Sides 12 @ 13 1/2

Shoulders 8 @ 8 1/2

Pickled Shoulders 7 @ 8 1/2

Lard 7 @ 8 1/2

Philadelphia Hay Market.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 8, 1886.

During the week ending with the above date there were received at the Farmers' Hay and Straw Market 165 loads of hay and 35 of straw, which were sold at the following prices:

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

The receipts were heaves, 3,000; sheep, 12,000 hogs 5,500.

Beef cattle were firm at 54 1/2 @ 55.

Sheep were in full supply at 4 1/2 @ 4 5/8.

Hogs were in firm request at 6 1/2 @ 6 7/8.

FOR SALE.

A lot of fine Shots, about two months old.

JOHN G. DETWILER.

140c. Upper Providence Square.

PUBLIC SALE OF

FRESH COWS.

Will be sold at Public Sale on MONDAY, OCTOBER 18, '86, at Perkiomen Bridge Hotel, 40 head of Fresh Cows with calves, direct from York county. Good judgment was exercised in the selection of this stock, and it will be to the interest of purchasers to attend sale. Sale at 2 o'clock, p. m. sharp. Conditions by J. G. Fetterolf, auct.

H. H. ALLEBAUGH, I. H. Johnson, clerk.

PUBLIC SALE OF

FRESH COWS.

Will be sold at Public Sale on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, '86, at Smoyer's Hotel, Trappe, 20 head of Fresh Cows, from Lancaster County. They are a very fine lot of cows to select from and farmers and dairymen are respectfully invited to attend this sale, as I have the stock to give satisfaction and will sell them without reserve. Sale at 2 o'clock. Conditions by J. G. Fetterolf, auct.

J. S. FREDERICK, C. U. Bean, clerk.

PUBLIC SALE OF

EXTRA HEAVY FRESH COWS!

Will be sold at Public Sale on FRIDAY, OCT. 22, '86, at Smoyer's Hotel, Trappe, 20 head of Fresh Cows, from Lancaster County. They are a very fine lot of cows to select from and farmers and dairymen are respectfully invited to attend this sale, as I have the stock to give satisfaction and will sell them without reserve. Sale at 2 o'clock. Conditions by NELSON O. NAILLE, J. Casselberry, clerk.

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J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, PA.,
Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, PA.
Office Hours:—until 9 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Branch Office:—RAHN STATION; Office Hours:—from 1 to 6 p. m.

J. H. HAMER, M. D.,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
OFFICE HOURS: { Till 9 a. m. 12 to 2 p. m.
After 6 p. m.
Special attention given to diseases of the eye and ear.

DR. B. F. PLACE,
DENTIST!!
36 E. Airy Street, (opposite Veranda House)
NORRISTOWN. Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Mondays and Tuesdays.
Prices greatly reduced.

N. S. BORNEMAN, D. D. S.,
(DR. OF DENTAL SURGERY)
Formerly of Boyertown, now at
406 MARSHALL ST., CORNER ASTOR,
NORRISTOWN, PA.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of pure nitrous oxide gas, ether, &c.; also by applying the new local anesthetic, cocaine, which is more ly brought in contact with the gum, the patient being perfectly sensible, teeth are extracted without pain. Artificial sets from \$5 to \$8—the very best. Filling teeth a specialty. English and German spoken. 4-22-6m.

F. G. HOBSON,
Attorney-at-Law.
Cor. MAIN and SWEDE Streets, Norristown, Pa.
Can be seen every evening at his residence in Freeland.

H. M. BROWNBACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 8 AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.
Jun. 25-1yr.

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLACKSTONE BUILDING, No. 727 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.
Second Floor, Room 15.
Can be seen every evening at his residence, COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Dec. 17, 1yr.

A. D. FETTEROLF,
Justice of the Peace
COLLEGEVILLE Pa.
CONVEYANCER and General Business agent. Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.

WM. S. ESIICK,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE!
MAIN STREET, ROYERSFORD, PA.
Broker in Insurance and Real Estate. Money wanted for loans on first mortgage. Brief of title furnished in all cases. Correspondence solicited. 606

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY.
(1/2 mile north of Trappe.)
Surveyor and Conveyancer
Sales clerk; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
Nov. 8-6m. P. O. Address: Limerick Square.

J. P. KOONS,
Practical Slater!!
RAHN'S STATION Pa.
Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

LEWIS WISMER,
Practical Slater!
Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of greystone flagging.

EDWARD DAVID,
PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,
COLLEGEVILLE PA.
Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind of work in the line of painting, graining, and paper-hanging, satisfactorily. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

SAMUEL P. SHANTZ,
Carpenter and Builder.
RAHN STATION, PA.
Contractor for all kinds of Carpenter Work. No pains spared to give satisfaction.

J. G. T. MILLER,
CARPENTER and BUILDER,
TRAPPE PA.
Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly. Jan. 1, '85, ff.

J. W. GOTWALS,
PAINTER, GRAINER & PAPER HANGER,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.,
All orders promptly executed. apr-16-1f

THE POPULAR
DINING ROOMS,
Under Acker's Building, Swede Street, near Main, Norristown,
HARRY B. LONG, Proprietor.
Is the place to go to get anything you may desire in the eating line, prepared in the best style, at moderate cost. Fresh Oysters, the largest and best in town, done up in every style. Remember the place and favor it with your patronage when in town.

ELMER E. CONWAY.
BOOT and SHOEMAKER!
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Good workmanship and good fit guaranteed. Stitched work a specialty. Repairing done neatly and promptly. may-7-1yr.

SUNDAY PAPERS.
The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.
HENRY YOST,
News Agent,
Collegeville.

JOHN L. MARKLEY,
Teacher of Music,
TRAPPE, PA.
Sole agent in Montgomery county for the Shoemaker Piano and agent for Organs of various makes. 30sep

HARTRANFT HOUSE,
NORRISTOWN, PA.
P. K. GABLE, Proprietor. H. P. BREWER, Clerk.
Boarding at Reasonable rates.
Free Omnibus Meets all Trains at Bridgeport.
Finest Hotel Stabling in the County and Good Hostlers.

H. H. YELLIS,
GRATER'S FORD, PA.,
Has just opened a business place at Grater's Ford where he will keep on hand at all times a full stock of
SASH,
DOORS,
BLINDS,
SHUTTERS,
MOULDINGS.

Of all kinds, Frames and all kinds of Building Materials in his line. Goods delivered on short notice. I solicit an examination of my goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Scroll work of every description, promptly done. 3-25-1yr

THOMAS LOWNES,
& W. H. DAVIS.
Wagon and Carriage Builders,
RAHN STATION, PA.
We are prepared to do painting, light and heavy work.

BLACKSMITHING,
in all its branches. No pains spared to give satisfaction. Give us a call.

JOSEPH STONE,
CARPET WEAVER
COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL,
(Formerly Beard House.)
Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

—COLLEGEVILLE—
Roller Mills!
CAPACITY: 300 BUSHELS OF WHEAT, 100 BUSHELS OF RYE, AND 50 BARRELS OF FLOUR DAILY.

Wheat and Rye Wanted!
For which I will pay highest prices in cash, and still higher if taken out in trade.

FOR SALE
ROLLER FLOUR,
RYE FLOUR,
GRAIN, FEED, OF ALL KINDS.
Seed Wheat at reasonable prices. Timothy and Clover Seed. Also TRINLEY'S and the BUFFALO

FERTILIZERS!
—BRAN—
By the car load close to cost.
MIDDINGS retail at car-load prices. Wheat grists ground by the old process or exchanged for Roller Flour. Chopping done, etc.

E. PAIST, Collegeville, Penna.
COLLEGEVILLE

BAKERY!
J. H. RICHARD, Prop'r.
Fresh Bread, Rolls &c.,
EVERY MORNING.

ICE CREAM!
Different flavors, during the Season now opened. Parties, Pic-Nics and weddings supplied at short notice, on reasonable terms.

COLLEGEVILLE
MARBLE YARD!
J. H. C. BRADFORD, Prop'r.

TOMBSTONES
MONUMENTS
&c., of any design desired promptly furnished at the lowest possible prices consistent with good workmanship. All designs executed in the best manner. Estimates for all kinds of work pertaining to the business cheerfully given. Feb. 18/6f.

Department of Agriculture.
PLEURO-PNEUMONIA IN
CATTLE.

As this virulent, contagious disease has again broken out in several distillery herds in the vicinity of Chicago, it may be well to call attention to a few of its most marked symptoms and the means adopted to stop its spread. We condense Dr. Law's description given some years since to the Department of Agriculture:

The first cow introduced into this country with the disease was purchased by Peter Dunn, of Brooklyn. L. L. in 1843, from the captain of an English vessel. The cows of the whole west end of Long Island were infected from this cow. The period of latency or the time elapsing between receiving the germs into the system and the first manifestation of disease, varies greatly. It has been known to vary from five days to three or four months. In inoculated cases the average period is nine days. The germs appear to develop much more rapidly in hot weather than in cold.

For some days, quite frequently for a month or more, a night cough is heard when at rare intervals. It may first be heard when the animal rises, when it drinks cold water or when it passes from a stable into the cold air. In rare instances the animal recovers without any more violent symptoms, but others may be infected by it. Generally, however, the disease progresses; the animal becomes dull and sluggish, separates from the herd, lies down, breathes more rapidly, the hair stands erect and dry, the muzzle is sometimes dry and the milk diminishes. The eyes become dull, ears droop slightly and the roots of horns and ears are, alternately, hot and cold; the temperature rises to 105°, or, in severe cases to 108° Fahr.

At this stage the changed condition of the substance of the lung can generally be detected by applying the ear over them or by gently tapping them. In cases of extreme virulence, especially in hot weather the symptoms are more decided. The patient stands most of the time, its fore legs set apart, its elbows turned out; the head is extended on the neck, the eyes prominent and glassy, the muzzle dry, a clear of frothy liquid distils from the nose and mouth, the back is slightly raised, and the spaces between the ribs and the region of the breast-bone are very sensitive to pinching; the secretion of milk is entirely arrested, the skin becomes harsh, adherent and covered with scurf; appetite and rumination entirely fails, bloating and a watery diarrhoea follows. Generally when the disease has become so bad as to exhibit these symptoms the animal dies, but, in some cases, they hold on for some time, becoming very emaciated and dying from something like consumption.

The investigations of Dr. Casewell, the State veterinarian of Illinois, shows that cattle in over a dozen herds, mostly at distilleries have been affected and more than 3,000 cattle exposed. These herds have been quarantined. Gov. Oglesby, Attorney-General Hunt, the live stock commissioner, and the president of the Live Stock Exchange, after full consultation decided that all herds in which infected animals were found should be slaughtered. Thus they hope to "stamp it out." At present this outbreak of this terrible disease has an alarming appearance. It is feared that exposed animals may have been shipped in different directions and, coming in contact with other cattle, spread the contagion far and wide. It certainly fills the public with distrust and will operate as a check upon the traffic.

It is very evident that such dangerous contagious diseases as this cannot be effectually treated without some invasion of individual rights, or what is commonly regarded as the rights of property. A man has no right to exclusive control of his stock when they are afflicted with fatal contagious diseases that may infect his neighbor's animals. Unless he voluntarily arrests spread of the contagion by promptly slaughtering all exposed animals and disinfecting the places which they have occupied, it is the right and duty of the state government to take possession of his herds and adopt such measures as may seem necessary to arrest the spread of the disease, although it may involve the entire destruction of all herds exposed. At the same time it would hardly seem right for the individual to bear the entire loss. As the cattle are destroyed for the benefit of the public, it would appear just that the public should share the loss. Inasmuch as a portion of every infected herd would have died from the disease had they not been slaughtered, it would not be right to pay the owner full value for the cattle; but, inasmuch as a portion would have recovered, probably, it would not be right to throw the whole loss upon the owner. We think the statutes of some states allow full compensation for all well animals destroyed and half compensation for all that have shown symptoms of the disease. It is to be hoped that this outbreak may prove less disastrous than is now feared.—American Rural Home.

THE ORANGE HARVEST.
A DESCRIPTION OF HOW THE GOLDEN FRUIT IS GATHERED.

When the latter days of September approach, the bizarre splendors of the rainy afternoon, which, for four months has irrigated the grove, grow less frequent, and with the soft, dry days of our autumn, we begin harvest; the Early Oblong or Thornton's Bell, the Egg, and the round Sang pur seedling begin to ripen, and are ready for gathering.

A grove is not in bearing until its trees average five hundred apples, so the labor of merely picking a crop of oranges can be understood. Nor is the gatherer permitted to pluck. It swings its tempting yellow among the dark green leaves and long, stately thorns high among the tops and low among the bending boughs. Tall step ladders and light weights are in demand, for care must be taken not to break the fruitful branches already symptomatic of another year.

The fruit must be "stem cut." An adroit expert learns to slip the fruit, holding it between the third and fourth finger and the shoulder of the thumb, transferring it lightly to the pouch suspended at his neck. The musk of the wind-shaken, crushed, thorn-pierced, and fallen fruit, the pungent, aromatic odors of the leaves and oil glands load the air with fragrance, as the exhilarating task proceeds.

A bright, dry day must be chosen, as moisture on the rind tends to decay; and there must be caution in handling, as one bruised orange may infect an entire box or crate.

A brisk hand stem cutting in a full crop can average his three hundred by the hour or three thousand oranges per day; but this is not frequent on account of the cautious handling. The picker transfers his sack or basket carefully to the drying house, where the fruit is spread out to dry; this sweating process occupies three or more days. A good drying house is arranged with slated shelves, that the air may penetrate to the interstices of the strips. A light fire is of advantage, as it promotes the drying, by which the rind becomes firmer, taking a crisp, horny texture, protecting the pulp from bruising.

The next step is selecting, removing all bruised, thorn-picked or injured fruit into separate lots. This, which should precede arranging on drying floors or shelves, to avoid contact, is followed by separating the rusty fruit from the bright yellow. If this is carefully done, a selection may be made of rusty fruit in which the bronze contrasts prettily with the gold on the orange, like the bloom on a peach. As the rust in no way impairs flavor or juiciness, a well selected box of rust fruit compares with the "brights."

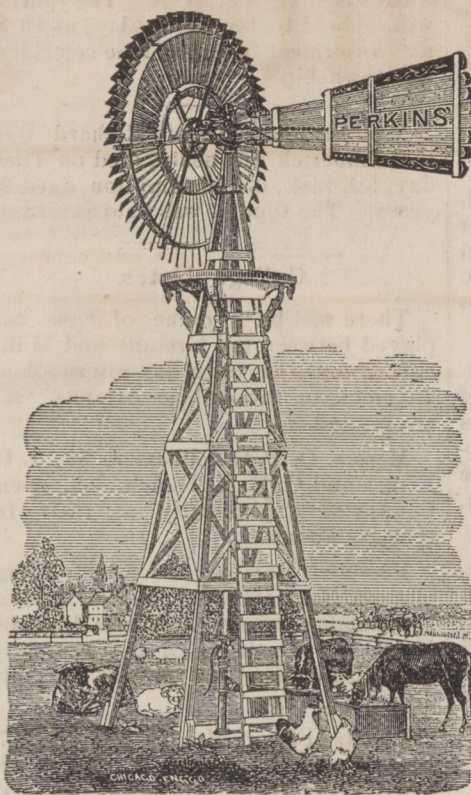
Sorting is putting oranges of the same diameter in separate heaps. The next step is wrapping. Thin tissue paper is used, cut into squares of twelve or fourteen inches, the Florida sweet seedling averaging ten inches in circumference; oblong, egg, mandarin being smaller. Setting the fruit on the sheet spread on the open palm, closing the hands unites the corners for a twist of the right hand, and it is wrapped. The fruit is packed in thin elastic boxes, 12x12x27 outside measurement—the wrapped orange is packed stem down—and of an average three-inch diameter, will hold four rows of nine to the row, or one hundred and fifty-six. The usual continent of the South Florida fruit, however, is one hundred and twenty-eight, packed apple above apple, with paper division to each layer.

The packing-box is divided in the middle, the ends and partition being of firm half-inch wood, and the sides flexible. By arranging the fruit differently, as is required in sizes exceeding or less than average diameter, space is economized by alternating the rows to fit the obverse and re-entering curves. A size running one hundred and seventy-six can be set by alternate threes and fours, and be so packed.

The process is delicate; the packing must be close, fitting with even pressure without bruising, to bear the jarring of careless stevedores and longshoremen, who annually exasperate the cropper. In fitting the box a layer of paper is put at the bottom and one lapped above and below, so that the fold, after the successive layers are closely fitted, may lap over and cover the top. This upper row should rise not to exceed one quarter of an inch above the box edging, that, on nailing down the elastic top, the spring of wood fiber in it may have a firm, constant pressure, to resist jarring and displacement.

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